

## TIME: AN ALLEGORY.

Morn' call'd fondly to a fair boy straying  
Mid golden meadows, rich with clover dew;  
She call'd—but he still thinks of naught save  
playing.  
And so she smiles, and waves him an  
adieu.  
Whilst he, still merry with the flowery  
store,  
Thinks not that morn returns no more.  
Noon cometh, but the boy, to manhood  
growing,  
Needs not the time—he sees but one sweet  
form.  
One fair, young face from bower of jase-  
mine glowing,  
And all his loving heart with bliss is  
warm.  
So noon, unnoticed, seeks the western  
shore,  
And man forgets that noon returns no  
more.

Night tapers gently at a casement gleam-  
ing  
With the dim light of faint and low,  
By which a gray-haired man is sadly  
dreaming  
Of pleasures gone, as all life's pleasures  
go.  
Night calls him, and at once he leaves his  
door,  
Silent and dark—and he returns no more  
—Clifford C. Carleton, in Midland Monthly.

## Taking Without Asking.

BY HORATIA CARLIN.

Oh, how Bettie did want to go to that picnic!  
She could not if she had tried a long time find words appropriate enough to express how very much she wanted to go. And I don't believe I can, either. So there's nothing for it but to let it go at the words Bettie did find.

She told her mother she wanted to go to that picnic "just awfully, awfully, awfully!" But if I can't talk as glibly as I would like, this much I do know, anyway, that awfully means a great deal, with little girls, or as much as "earnestly desire" or "devoutly trust" means with grown folks.

But when a girl says awfully three times in a row—well, it is beyond me, then, to tell how much she does mean. It is too confusing, like trying to count the stars on a clear night.

This picnic which Bettie so ardently desired to attend was to be under the grove of oaks in Judge Potter's big field.

Three long tables of rough boards had already been nailed together for the occasion, and they were to be spread with everything good to eat that the women folks of the town knew how to make. And especially there was to be plenty of cake, from the richest plum down to one-egg-in-the-batch cookies—for they always have cake at picnics, whatever else they don't have.

There was a band of music from the city, and Mamie Brown told Bettie there was going to be a real fountain that would shoot water up ever so high in the air; and she wasn't sure, but she had heard that Judge Potter was going to send from his fine residence in the city his four big stone frogs, to sit under the fountain right among the falling drops.

"Oh, dear!" Bettie exclaimed, catching her breath. "What if I can't go!"

The idea of not going was appalling. And the more Bettie wanted to go, the more she was afraid that she couldn't go. To tell the truth, she had pretty good grounds for her fears.

In the first place, the only dress she had "fit to be seen" was a thick green and white and black woolen plaid, and the waist was lined with heavy drilling besides.

It was a warm dress, you see—one that would have been appropriate to wear to a picnic in January, if ever they do have picnics in that month. But, unluckily, it was not January now. It was August, the hottest month in the year. And Bettie could not wear that warm dress of hers without feeling pretty uncomfortable in it, and making everybody else feel uncomfortable just from seeing her wear it.

To be sure, she did have two other cooler dresses that she wore around at home—a yellow calico and a pink one. But the yellow in the one had basely deserted in great patches here and there all over the dress, leaving queer-looking white spots; and as for the pink one, it was neither one thing nor another—not exactly pink, not exactly white; but, as Bettie herself described it, "just faded to death."

Certainly, neither of these dresses would do any more than the plaid one. Bettie had thoughtfully considered them all.

But aside from the what to wear question, it happened that Bettie's mother was more than usually busy about this time.

She expected to have to go to Mrs. Montandon's to clean house the very day of the picnic. And if she did go, she wanted Bettie to stay at home and take care of her little sister Cora, do up the housework, milk the cow at night and carry around the milk to their two or three customers, and have supper ready when she got home.

Bettie had often done all this before, for she was used to working as well as her mother. She hoped to work for wages some time.

She had secretly resolved to coax her mother into buying her a new calico dress for the picnic, if she should find out in time that Mrs. Montandon did not want her mother on the picnic day. Then, if her mother would just cut and fit the dress, she would sew up the seams herself in a very short time. But Mrs. Cochran positively could not afford to lose this chance of earning a day's wages, and so, when Mrs. Montandon sent around word that she would need her the day of the picnic, Mrs. Cochran agreed to go.

"Of course there's no use in talking about buying a dress now," thought disappointed Bettie.

She'd have to stay at home, even if she did have one.

And now I've reached that part of my story where Bettie gets into trouble—falls into temptation—and I do declare it makes me feel real bad to go on. What a pity that she did not try harder to resist the temptation!

It seems to me, if I were a little girl, I wouldn't do such a thing as she did for the world. And that's about what you'll say, I suppose, when you hear the rest.

But let us be charitable. Perhaps we've all of us done things quite as wrong as this that Bettie did, if not worse. And then you must remember that Bettie wanted to go to the picnic awfully. Besides, she got punished severely enough in the end for what she did. For, sooner or later, in some form or another, punishment and sorrow do come for wrong-doing.

Well, not to moralize further, the morning of the picnic came, and Mrs. Cochran, who really had no idea how much her Bettie was disappointed about going to the picnic, bustled off to her work.

Bettie had the "blues" dreadfully after her mother was gone. She sat down in the rocking-chair and cried as hard as ever she could cry for nearly half an hour. But crying doesn't do any good, and after awhile Bettie seemed to think so herself, for she stopped crying and began putting the house in order.

She was sweeping in front of the big clothes press, where her mother kept the clean clothes she had "done up" for her customers until she was ready to send them home, when suddenly the doors of the press flew open. They never would stay tight shut, as they should.

The very moment those doors flew open and Bettie glanced in the press, she had a "bright idea," but it wasn't a "right idea," and I'm sure I wish she hadn't had it.

There was one bundle of clothes that belonged to a lady named Mrs. Stevens, and Bettie's mother had not sent the clothes home yet, because Mrs. Stevens was out of town, and wouldn't be back for a whole two weeks.

Mrs. Stevens had a little girl just about Bettie's size, and Bettie knew that among the clothes was Lulu Stevens' white muslin dress. She had seen her mother take it off the clothes horse, fold it, and put it away in the press.

Now, why couldn't she just take Lulu's dress, and wear it to the picnic? She did not believe Lulu would care at all.

She was a real nice girl, and "perhaps," thought Bettie, "some day, a long time afterward, I'll tell her I wore it."

And then she did it. She put that other girl's dress on, took Cora, and off they started to the picnic.

I can't say that Bettie had a good time at the picnic, and I can't say that she didn't, for I really don't know how she did feel in that borrowed dress. But I shouldn't think she could have enjoyed herself very much under the circumstances. Should you?

One thing I know. She didn't dare to play any of the games with the other girls, for fear of tearing Lulu Stevens' white dress, and she didn't dare sit down on the grass with the rest, for fear of soiling it.

But when, about noon, little Cora, who had been enjoying herself amazingly, eating cake and pie and pickles, "spilled" a lot of apple pie all over the front breadth of Lulu Stevens' dress, Bettie became so fidgety that she couldn't bear to remain at the picnic a minute longer, so she took Cora, and went straight home.

Bettie had not been a washwoman's daughter all her life for nothing, and while she was walking home, she made up her mind to wash and iron and starch that dress, and put it away in the clothes press before her mother got home, and never, never, never again would she put on her mother's customers' clothes.

She was suffering already from her wrongdoing, you see. But there was more trouble in store for poor Bettie. And now I have reached the tragical part of my story.

Bettie washed and starched the dress, and hung it on the line to dry, but she never saw the whole of that dress again, for while she was trying to rock little Cora to sleep—who was just as cross as a bear because of the cake and the pickles she had eaten—the cow walked through the barnyard gate, which Bettie had neglected to fasten, in her haste to be off to the picnic, and chewed Lulu Stevens' muslin dress all to pieces.

The cow was hungry, and a starched dress was better than nothing at all to eat.

What Bettie did, when she found out this terrible thing, and what Bettie's mother did when she found it out, and what Mrs. Stevens did when she found it out, I'll have to leave for you to guess. But don't you think that Bettie's yielding to temptation led to unhappiness enough that time?—Golden Days.

That Old Combination.  
"In view of the bicycle craze," they were suggesting, "do people make any objection to your coming on a pale horse?"

Death shrugged his shoulder-blades deprecatingly.

"Rarely," he replied. "Now and then some girl with old-fashioned opinions of the fitness of things gets red-headed when I call for her."

His Idea.  
Seldum Fedd (who philosophizes occasionally)—I wonder why weny dey was makin' riches dey didn't finish 'em?

Soiled Spooner—What are you wearin' your heels out about now?  
"Aw, I was jest wonderin' why weny dey put wings on riches dey didn't add a tail dard would steer 'em in our direction."—N. Y. World.

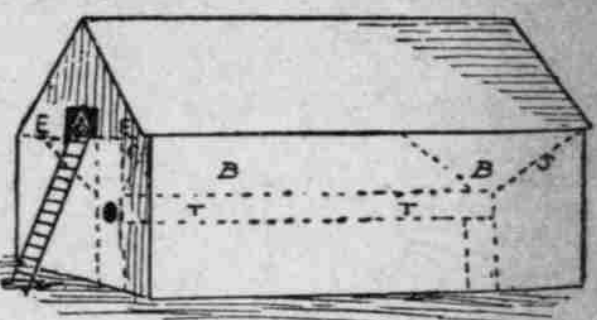
—The bill of expenses of the Pennsylvania legislative committee which investigated the burning of the state capitol contained an item of \$175 for cigars, but it was stricken out.

## THE FARMING WORLD.

## MODERN POULTRY HOUSE.

Its Originator Describes It as the Best Thing of Its Kind.

I have noticed several sketches and plans for building chicken houses, but I think the one I send is better than any of them. It is a modern building. It is 15 feet long, 12 feet wide, ten feet high to plates and 15 feet to the comb. The hopper (B B) is 12 feet long, running from within 3 feet of the front end to the back end of the house. The sides (S S) are 6½ feet from the eaves inside to the manure trough (L L), which is 2x2 feet and running the entire length of the hopper. The trough is 4 feet from the floor, supported on six posts resting on the floor. A small pen or shallow box may be made on the floor at the left of the manure



FARM POULTRY HOUSE.

trough to receive the manure from the trough where it will be dry until needed.

The nest boxes are placed on a board fastened to the planking inside, and on each side about 4 feet from the floor. The door (D), which can be made any size wished, is placed at the end of the house. A door should be placed at the dark, round hole in the end, which is the opening from the floor to the manure trough (C C), being planked up. The deck floor (E E) should run from the top and end of hopper to door (A), being 12x3 feet, the roosting poles being placed directly over the hopper crosswise. F is a plank with cleats nailed on for the passage of the chickens to and from the roost. A is a door from deck floor.

The part of the ground floor not taken up by the manure box can be used for young chickens to roost and stay in during wet and damp weather. When they are old enough to roost on poles they may be easily caught and placed in the manure trough and they will climb up to the roosts. After being let out several times with the other chickens they will go to the roosts by themselves. Windows may be put in south side of the house. If the lumber is green it should be battened well to keep out the cold and air. With a house of this kind I never saw a case of the roup.—J. P. Goodbar, in Ohio Farmer.

## WATERING HORSES.

An Important Duty Which is Neglected Far Too Often.

No detail for caring for horses during the summer is of more importance than supplying them with water. It is a matter for regret that it is necessary to call attention to the neglect of working horses in this respect, but it seems necessary to do so. Many men who feed their stock liberally, furnish warm places for them in winter and keep the stables as cool as possible during the summer, seem to forget that the team that is working under the burning sun in the field from morning until noon must suffer from thirst in a way that is intensely agonizing.

Any man who tries to work half a day in the harvest field without drinking will soon begin to feel some of the effects of going without water when making severe exertion on a hot day, and will appreciate the condition of a hard-working horse under the same conditions.

Sometimes it seems like a waste of time to stop a team and take it to get a drink, but time spent in this way is never wasted, for the team will do enough more to make up for the stop. There are places where it seems impossible to give the team a drink between breakfast and noon and between noon and supper, but there is no shadow of excuse for leaving a team hitched to the fence without water while the driver goes to his supper and then comes back to work the team until dark without water from noon until that time. Such a proceeding is not so common as it once was, but it is still practiced to some extent, and is the worst sort of cruelty to animals.

Horses perspire freely and are the only domestic animals that do, and their need for water is increased as the amount of perspiration increases, and during the hot weather every effort should be made to prevent them from suffering from thirst, which is the worst sort of torture.—Farmers' Voice.

## Ration for Growing Pigs.

Pigs, during growth, should be fed on muscle-making foods. A mixture of ground corn, oats and shorts, with a small proportion of old process oil meal, makes a good combination, mixed in such proportions as suits the feeder's fancy. The mixture should be soaked from one feed to the next, or wet up when fed. If soaked from one feed to another, care must be taken not to let it ferment or sour. This kind of feed may be fed until the new crop of corn is ready. Care must be taken to make a gradual change. Hogs at no time should be permitted to depend upon a ration of corn alone.—American Swineherd.

## Good Way to House Hogs.

A cheap and healthful way to house sows and pigs is to make floorless houses, six by six or six by eight, set over a bottom composed of an inch or two of coal cinders with five or six inches of broken corn cobs on top. This makes a good bed, and it is claimed that hogs do not root into it. Each spring and fall tip the house over and roll it out of the way, saturate the cobs with coal oil and burn them up. This makes a clean, dry place for a new bed, and destroys all filth and disease germs. The cobs can usually be obtained free of charge wherever a power sheller is used.—Rural World.

## BEES ON THE FARM.

They Are Experts in Some Lines of Agricultural Work.

When one thinks of the important part played by bees in agriculture one cannot help wondering why the expert stations of the United States pay so little attention to beekeeping. We do not recall a single station where beekeeping is carried on at all. The Rhode Island station has a department devoted to poultry and bees, but if memory serves, that has been abandoned.

Honey bees and the bumble bees are expert in some lines of agricultural work that men do not very well understand, and could not succeed in if they tried ever so hard. They do a very important work, and do it for nothing, boarding themselves in the meantime.

If it were not for bees we would not have large fruit crops, if we did not experience entire failures. At the time when fruit trees are in bloom there are but few insects abroad, and if the bees do not visit the blossoms in search of honey, the fruit would never mature, as it would not be pollinized.

If it were not for the work of bees we could not grow clover, and this important crop would be unknown. So important is this that large sums of money have been spent to import bees into Australia in order that clover might be grown there.

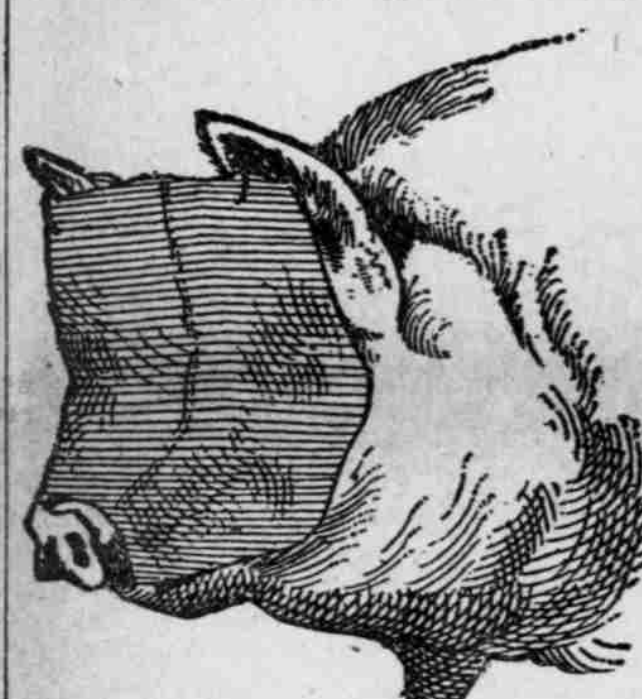
Honey bees follow civilization and are unknown where civilized man has not taken up his residence. They are co-laborers with the pioneer, and help him to conquer the wilderness and in the introduction of improved fruits and crops.

Every home owner, from the villager to the bonanza farmer, should keep bees, for the help they are to agriculture alone. The business of bee-keeping is not well understood even by experts, and there is a great opportunity for good work from the experiment stations in promoting a wider knowledge and a greater interest in bee-keeping, an industry that might be indefinitely extended with profit to those who keep them, and to those whose field they roam over in search of honey.—Farmers' Voice.

## CHICKEN-EATING HOGS.

A Leather Blind That Will Cure Them of the Habit.

A chicken catcher in a herd of hogs is most exasperating and expensive. One such will soon transform a whole herd into ravenous chicken eaters. Being troubled in this way, I tried the following: A leather blind wide enough to cover both eyes and long enough to come down well over the face was cut from an old boot leg. The chicken thief



BLIND FOR HOGS.

was then caught, and, pulling the ears forward, the top corners of the blind were fastened to them by means of pinchers and rings, such as are put in the snouts of pigs to prevent rooting. This blind will not prevent the hog from seeing his legitimate food, but it does prevent him seeing chickens unless they are under his very nose, and then if he attempts pursuit the chances are that he will bring his nose in violent contact with the fence or some other obstruction. A few such lessons and he concludes that he is no longer partial to chicken. A month of "leather specs" cured our most ravenous thief, and by blinding only the ring-leaders the whole herd was soon as docile as well-behaved porkers should be.—Orange Judd Farmer.

## AMONG THE POULTRY.

Never attempt to caponize a full-grown cock.

Keep the drinking water out of the rays of the sun.

Cross bred poultry are never of a non-setting tendency.

Fill up the rat holes around the poultry house with broken glass.

If Leghorns want to sit, it is a good indication that they are too fat.

Soft eggs, laid before the eggs are formed, are caused by overfeeding.

If the young guineas and chickens are hatched together, the guineas will be much tamer.

As a rule, chickens should not be allowed to go on the roosts until they are ten or twelve weeks old.

To cure bumble foot, as soon as the swelling ripens fairly, cut open and let out the gathered pus freely; wash out thoroughly with alcohol and water and then apply vaseline.—Rural World.

## How Manure Is Wasted.

There are two ways in which stable manure is most likely to be wasted. One, the most obvious, is the wasting by rains, which will wash away all that is soluble in it. But the other, less thought of, is even more dangerous though unseen. That is the wasting by the passing away as ammonia of all the nitrogenous parts of manure. The ammonia is very volatile. Pour some into a saucer and leave it exposed to the air, and most of its strength will disappear after a few hours. If some potash is put with it that will absorb a part of it, turning it, if the potash be caustic, into saltpetre. But the far greater part of the ammonia is given off by decomposing manure heaps and escapes into the air, where it becomes useless as a fertilizer.

## B. &amp; O. Fast Freight Schedule.

The Baltimore and Ohio, in connection with the Continental Line and Central States Dispatch fast freight lines, has inaugurated another fast freight schedule to the west, to be known as Train 95. It will be made up at Baltimore, and is put on especially to accommodate import business by way of Locust Point, and at the same time gives to Eastern manufacturers and wholesale dealers a rapid service to the west. The running time of the train is so arranged that it will make 50 hours to Chicago, 30 to Cincinnati, 30 to Cleveland, 34 to Columbus, 118 to Dallas, Tex., 50 to Detroit, 98 to Duluth, Minn., 37 to Indianapolis, 78 to Kansas City, 75 to Memphis, 50 to Louisville, 74 to Milwaukee, 83 to Minneapolis, 61 to Peoria, Ill., 20 to Pittsburgh, 50 to St. Louis, 81 to St. Paul, 39 to Sandusky, 231 to San Francisco, 44 to Toledo, and correspondingly quick time to other western and southern points.

The Freight Department expects to make 95 as popular and reliable a train as 97, which makes the run from New York to Chicago and St. Louis in 60 hours.

Rather discouraging.—Mr. Slim (hunting for a new boarding-house)—"Is the lady of the house in?" Servant—"No; she's gone for a policeman." "What are the terms for board here?" "Cash." "I mean how much a week?" "Ten an' fifteen a week, 'cordin' to room." "I presume she makes a reduction for people who stay a month or two?" "I don't know. No one ever stays that long."—N. Y. Weekly.

Now comes that trying time of year when woes each benedict can tell, When madam sheds the scalding tear, Because her jelly failed to jell. —Chicago Record.

A man likes to rake up a lot of rubbish and make a bonfire as well as a woman likes to clean house.—Washington Democrat.

## THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, July 29  
LIVE STOCK—Cattle, common 2 25 @ 3 00  
Select butchers 4 00 @ 4 50  
CALVES—Fair to good light 5 00 @ 5 50  
HOGS—Common 3 20 @ 3 50  
Mixed packers 3 35 @ 3 80  
Light shippers 3 25 @ 3 65  
SHEEP—Choice 3 00 @ 3 50  
LAMB—Spring 4 50 @ 5 00  
FLOUR—Winter family 3 00 @ 3 25  
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red 72 1/2 @ 73 1/2  
No. 3 red 71 @ 72  
Corn—No. 2 mixed 28 @ 29  
Oats—No. 2 17 1/2 @ 18  
By-Products 15 @ 16  
HAY—Prime to choice 11 00 @ 11 50  
PROVISIONS—Mess pork 8 50 @ 8 75  
Lard—Prime steam 27 @ 28  
BUTTER—Choice dairy 9 @ 9  
Prime to choice creamery 10 1/2 @ 10 50  
APPLES—Per bbl 1 25 @ 1 50  
POTATOES—New Per bbl 2 15 @ 2 25

NEW YORK  
FLOUR—Winter patent 4 30 @ 4 65  
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 1 north'n 84 @ 84 1/2  
No. 2 red 82 1/2 @ 83 1/2  
CORN—No. 2 mixed 28 1/2 @ 29 1/2  
OATS—No. 2 17 1/2 @ 18 1/2  
PORK—Mess 7 70 @ 7 75  
LARD—Western 4 35 @ 4 40

CHICAGO  
FLOUR—Winter patent 4 00 @ 4 25  
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red 76 1/2 @ 77 1/2  
No. 2 Chicago spring 76 1/2 @ 77 1/2  
CORN—No. 2 mixed 27 1/2 @ 28 1/2  
OATS—No. 2 17 1/2 @ 18 1/2  
PORK—Mess 7 70 @ 7 75  
LARD—Steam 4 10 @ 4 15

BALTIMORE  
FLOUR—Family 4 00 @ 4 25  
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 80 1/2 @ 81 1/2  
Corn—Mixed 31 1/2 @ 32 1/2  
Oats—No. 2 white 29 1/2 @ 30 1/2  
LARD—Refined 21 1/2 @ 22 1/2  
PORK—Mess 16 85 @ 17 1/2  
CATTLE—First quality 3 70 @ 4 10  
HOGS—Western 4 10 @ 4 30

INDIANAPOLIS  
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 69 1/2 @ 70 1/2  
Corn—No. 2 mixed 25 @ 26  
Oats—No. 2 mixed 18 @ 19 1/2

LOUISVILLE  
FLOUR—Winter patent 3 75 @ 4 00  
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red 70 @ 71  
Corn—Mixed 28 @ 29  
Oats—Mixed 17 1/2 @ 18 1/2  
PORK—Mess 9 00 @ 9 20  
LARD—Steam 4 00 @ 4 20

## South Dakota Pays Off Its Debts.

Sioux Falls, S. D., July 13.—[Special.]—"The people of South Dakota have, in the last four years, paid off \$50,000,000 of their debts," said one of the best known loan agents of the State, "and they are now paying off at a very rapid rate. As things are now going the people of the State, and especially the farmers, will soon be well out of debt. The large crops of the last few years, coupled with the close times, have had the effect of giving the people an appetite for getting out of debt, and fortunately has also given them the ability to do so."

Another agent who represents a loan company which has several million dollars loaned on farm property in South Dakota, adds his testimony, but the agent complains that he cannot find takers for one-third of the amount he would like to loan.

"Our company has 1,500 loans in this State on farm lands," said the agent above referred to, "and we have not had over fifty foreclosures in seven years. The company does not own a foot of land in the State and never lost a cent on a loan."—(Chicago Tribune, July 14, 1897.)

That portion of South Dakota which is traversed by the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the finest agricultural and stock growing section of the western country. For "Letters from Farmers," printed in pamphlet form, finely illustrated, and descriptions of farm lands, address Geo. H. Headford, General Passenger Agent, Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill. Now is the time to look for homes in South Dakota, where land is cheap and good.

## Thunder-Like Tones.

"I really couldn't afford to let you board with me this summer," said an old farmer to a city man with a very deep bass voice. "Why not?" roared the basso-profundo in tones that rattled the dried squashes in the rafters.

"Because whenever you talked or sang your voice would sour all the milk in my cellar."—Judge.

## Queen &amp; Crescent.

During the Tennessee Centennial and International Exposition at Nashville, Tenn., a low rate special tariff has been established for the sale of tickets from Cincinnati and other terminal points on the Queen & Crescent route.

Tickets are on sale daily until further notice to Chattanooga at \$6.75 one way or \$7.20 round trip from Cincinnati, the round trip tickets being good seven days to return; other tickets, with longer return limit, at \$8.90 and at \$13.50 for the round trip.

These rates enable the public to visit Nashville and other Southern points at rates never before offered. Vested trains of the finest class are at the disposal of the passenger, affording a most pleasant trip, and enabling one to visit the very interesting scenery and important battle-grounds in and about Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain and Chickamauga National Military Park. Tickets to Nashville to visit the Centennial can be purchased at Chattanooga for \$3.40 round trip. Ask your ticket agent for tickets via Cincinnati and the Q. & C. Route South or write to W. C. RINEARSON, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Cincinnati, O.

A loafer always complains of warm weather more than a hard working man.—Aitchison Globe.

Descriptive of Yellowstone National Park, Black Hills, Summer Tours to the North and Northwest, Tours to Colorado, Pacific Coast and Puget Sound, Farm Lands in Northern Missouri, Nebraska and Wyoming and Homes in Washington and the Puget Sound Region will be mailed free by the undersigned. Send fifteen cents for a large colored wall map of the United States or a pack of superior playing cards. L. W. Wakeley, G. P. A., Burlington Route, St. Louis, Mo.

What an immense amount of laziness there is going on in the name of poor health.—Ram's Horn.

As pathetic a thing as one sees is a boy trying to be a dude on a two dollar a week salary.

## The Pill that Will.

"The pill that will," implies the pills that won't. Their name is legion. The name of "the pill that will" is Ayer's Cathartic Pill. It is a pill to rely on. Properly used it will cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache, and the other ills that result from torpid liver. Ayer's pills are not designed to spur the liver into a momentary activity, leaving it in yet more incapable condition after the immediate effect is past. They are compounded with the purpose of toning up the entire system, removing the obstructing conditions, and putting the liver into proper relations with the rest of the organs for natural co-operation. The record of Ayer's Pills during the half century they have been in public use establishes their great and permanent value in all liver affections.

## Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

## "WHERE DIRT CATCHES, WASTE RULES." USE

## SAPOLIO

## WITHOUT GRIP or GRIPE.

To get a natural result, a remedy should always act without violence, smoothly, easily, delightfully. This is the action of

Cascarets

## THE IDEAL LAXATIVE,

because they strengthen the muscular action of the bowels and gently stimulate the kidneys and liver. They are purely vegetable, containing no poisonous or injurious substances, and are recommended and used by young and old. BELIEVE WHAT WE SAY! 10 cents prove their merit, and we ask that you

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